cante Morridany, Lee Hing's Girl, Sent It to Her Mother, and It Wasn't "Chuch" Conter's Fuest that She Didn't Get It.

What time left, Sing?" Down was just breaking outside, and the rs in Sam . sing's Doyers street joint had reached that sommolent, semi-conscious conlition which is the greatest fascination of opium smoking; when all the worry, burdens, and passions of life are obliterated from the bruin, and a calm, peaceful dreamy content fills the whole being; when it is unalloyed happiness to lie upon the hard bunk and dreamily gaze at the tiny flame of the opium amp, mechanically puffing a cigarette and conversing in low, sleepy tones; when a halfdefined feeling pervades the overpowered brain that it would be so pleasant never to be disturbed from this sweet state; when the enowy, bared bosom on which the head is resting kindles no more feeling than the carpeted, wooden head-rosts; when human being no matter how depraved comes need to the feeling: "Peace on earth good will

What time is it. Sing?" The question came from a dark-haired young girl, one of a party of four who had seen smoking since the early evening. Although it was bitter cold outside, the workingmen on the near-by Bowary scurrying along rubbing their ears, Sing's stove, the closeness of the room, and the dense fumes of the drug had combined to make it uncomfortably warm in the joint, and the young girl had removed her dross and her companions their coats and vests. usual dishabille. The girl was about 20 years old, of slight but superb figure, very pretty, with dark eyes and a mass of black hair that tumbled over her naked shoulders in rich profusion. The men were of a familiar class, handsome, well-groomed fellows, known to Inspector Byrnes's men as expert "handshakers."

"Five minute to six," answered the slicklooking Chinaman, as he appeared in the "As late as that?" asked the girl in dreamy surprise. Then she proused herself with an effort, and said:

"Come, let me up, Frank. I've got to go." The smoker who had been doing the cooking for the party, lying with his head pillowed on her bosom, opened his eyes, and with a "Going, Mame? Won't you have another pipe?" sat up to let her slip off the bunk, took her head-rest, closed his eyes, and was off

again to his blissful drowsing.

The girl went to the sink, and by a liberal application of cold water from the faucet brightened up a bit. She neatly colled her wealth of hair, slipped on her clothing, put on on a jaunty hat, and then nudged her com-

Well, I'm going, Good-by," "So long, Mame. See you to-night," murmured the dreaming trio, who wouldn't have disturbed themselves if Uncle Josh Hayseed of Reubenville had come to Doyers street shaking \$1,000 at them to take a chance in

their prize lottery.
"Good-by, Mamie," said Sing, as he unbolted the door for the girl "You come back to-night?"

"Maybe. I think I go see my mamma today. Long time no see," answered Mamie, who from constant association had, like the other girls of the neighborhood, fallen into the habit of talking pigeon English to the

Chinamen. "Good-by."
She passed down the rickety stairs, shivering as she struck the cold air. Entering the she struck the cold air. Entering the side room of a saloon a lew doors away, sho found several young men stretched out in various attitudes upon chairs and tables, noisily steeping off their libations. Going up to the bardest-looking one of the lot she shook him

sharply.
"'Unuck'! 'Chuck'! Wake up."
"Unuck'! 'Chuck'! Wake up."
"Unit Um! Tha's all right," snored and groaned the sleeper, who, stretched out on two chairs was eclipsing all the others in the warlety and volume of noise emitted from

warery and volume of hoise emitted from spring mouths.

"Get up. 'Chuck,' like a good fellow," entreated the girl "I want you to go an errand for me." Um! Tha's all right," was repeated.

No shaking she could administer childed any No shaking she could administer eligited any other reply, and she was about to cry for vexa-tion when the door from the saloon opened and the barkeeper, who had been awakened from his own nap, appeared. "What the devil's all this?" he growled in the depost of baseo profundo.
Oh. Billy, I need 'Chuck,' and I can't wake

"Oh. Billy, I need chicks the best of the him up."
"Get up, you burn prize fighter," yelled the parkerper. "What d'ye take this for? A leding house?
"Umi Umi That's all right," volunteered "Um! Um! That's all right," volunteered the sleeper.

It's all right, is it?" was the growl. "Well, we'll see if it is."

History he yanked the chair from under the clopper's head and it came down with a bang that drow a shrick from the girl and awakened the others.

"Um! Um! Tha's all right," came from the floor. Um! Tha's all right," came from the

construction of the constr

one letter; that all; no long time see, "said abe, conciliatingly, falling into the pigeon lengths."

Logdam you," returned the Chinaman, exhing his wrath upon her. "Where you stay all night? You no think I know, You go bink house smoke Melican loafer. What for you no stay here? You got pipe here. I cook you pill. What for you no say here? I go see one friend," replied the girl. "I go see one friend," replied the girl. "Long time no see. He come Chicago. My brother he live Chicago. I go my friend at sing house; like him talk my brother."

"Goddam ile," hissed Lee Eing. "No long time you see you mamma, sneered he: "no long time you see you hother. All light; no long time you see you bother. All light; no long time you see you bother. All light; no long time you see you be to strangers now." quoth "Chuck," as the door siammed. "Why didn't yer let him come at me with that knile? I'd got square on that red-nosed barkceper through this chink," was the boxer's llogical argument, as he carelessly twirled a piece of lead pipe.

To his surprise, the girl burst into a fit of

argument, as he carelessly twinted into a fit of the surprise, the girl burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing, burying her pretty face in his arms on the table. Chuck was non-thread, and whistled before he communed

with bimself: "Well, I'm hanged if here in another fairy stuck on a Chink. The Irish are not in it. I guess I'll buy a pigtail and go into the Chinee business; me face is all right. Forhaps Annie Harrison might get stuck on me then, thought "Chuck," with a cigh. He went up to the little figure at the table, and with reaght sympathy put his arm around her and said: "Irace up Hama, old gai! Lee Hing don't mean that. He'll be back all right. Why, yer don't suppose, he's going ter shake the purtlest and best little gal in Chinatown, do yer; Make out yer don't care, and he'll be crawlin back on his knees before night's over. I'd like tor punch the monkey lace off m—no, no. Mame, I didn't mean that. I'm gettin him and that red-nosed bum mixed up. Now look here—

Here the girl looked up at him with tear-stained face and wondering eyes. "Why,

stult, and there we are. How's that hit yer, me little gair"

"Oh, 'Chuck,' how good you are?' exclaimed Mamie, all the tears now gone, as she pressed the boxer's hand to her heart. "What a dear, good fellow you are!"

"That's all right," repeated "Chuck" under his breath, "but I can't get Annie Harrison to tallek so."

"Thet's all right," repeated "Chuck " under his breath, "but I can't get Annie Harrison to taink so."

"And. 'Chuck,'" continued the girl, now all aglow, "I'll give up Frank and always will, but but here the girl began weeping afresh—"he don't love me, or he would have taken me away from this long ago; and last night he asked me whether there was any chance of getting at Lee Hing's money. It was after this I seen mamma, and I'm sure it was a warning."

"Well, I'm off, now," said "Chuck," "By the time I get me breakfast, and square things with Vincent the old lady'll be up. I'll come right back and tell yer what she said."

An hour later "Chuck" came back to Doyers street. The boxer was white as a sheet, and he looked up at the tail ten sment uneasily before he entered the saloon.

"Well, you bum prize flighter," was the salutation of the barkeeper, as he carelessly toyed with an axe. "I thought you warn't going to honor us with your company any more."

"Whiskey." was all the recognition the

going to honor us with your company more.

"Whiskey." was all the recognition the boxer vouchsafed him.

"Price," said the barkeeper, coming down to business.

"Chuck" produced the dime and filled the glass to the brim. It was tossed down in a minute, and the barkeeper, after anxiously vatching him a moment to see whether such a arge dose might not be fatal, asked:

"Towe!"

"I think it's a wick I'd need with that"

"I think it's a wick I'd need with that," responded the hoxer.

He went into 19, but it took him a long time to get up stairs and he fidgeted about the door for five minutes before he ventured to knock. Mamie, who was getting her things ready met him with:

"Oh. 'Chuck,' how is she?"

"Chuck's" face twitched spasmodically, and his lins trembled as he essayed to speak.

"Chuck, dear 'Chuck,' don't tell me she's sick or anything 's happened to het," entreuted the girl, as she grew pale.

"No, no, my gal; she's not sick," replied the boxer. "Sit down, my gal, it's all right."

He forced the girl into a chusir, and put his hands on her shoulders. She looked up at him in agony, and then covering her face with her hands, sobbed: ier hands, sobbed:
"Oh, I know, she won't take me back. Oh, Chuch, 'take me to her. She'll forgive me when she sees me at her knees and I tell her now much I love her and how much I want to be her good, little girl again. Oh, my dear nother can't be so cruel."
"The bayer's aven were glistening and his be her good, little girl again. Oh, my dear mother can't be so cruel."

The boxer's eyes were glistening and his voice trembled as he said: "Won't take yer back? Oh, yes; she's waitin' for yor, waitin' for her little gal!"

"Oh, then let's go right over. I don't care what the neighbors say. Come on. 'Chuck," and she endeavored to spring up.

"Not jest yet, Mame, me little gal; me dear little gal," said the boxer, gently stroking her hair. "We can't see her jost yyt."

"But why not? How soon?" asked the girl excitedity. "Why can't we go over now?"

"Well, Mame, dear little gal, she—she—she's moved away."

"Moved away? That's good. But where to. Didn't you find out?"

"Yos, little gal, I did. She's moved away and waitin' for yer."

and waitin' fer yor."
"Yes. But where?"
"In heaven, little gal," said the boxer, as he turned away his head."

ALL JIM'S FAULT.

The Story of a Valuable Dog and His Un-From the Detroit Free Pros. "Durn him, he don't look to be wurth his weight in pumpkins!" said the Taylor Township farmer as he pointed to a faded and dejected looking dog which he had just tied to the hind axle of his wagon with a piece of clothes line. Going to take him home?" asked a reporter.

"He deesn't look much like a farm doz."
"No, but he'll inve to do till I get sumthin' better. Durn my son Jim, but he ought to he mide to play dog fur the hull winter! It's his fault that we lost the oest dog in Wayne country has read."

fault that we lost the best dog in Wayne county has week."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

'Wall, me an' Jim was huskin' corn 'long-side the road fence one alternoon, and our dog was nosin' about after mice. Talk about dogs! Why, we raised him from a pup, and no man's sao could a-bought him! That dog knewd more in jots of folks I've met, includin' my son Jim. We was a-huskin' away when one o' them biamed foreigners came along with one o' them performin' bears. The minit Jim set eyes on them he gut up and says:

"Dad, do you want more'n a bar'l o' fun in less than three minits?"

Whet d'ye mean? aays I.

with one of them performing bears. The minit dim set eyes on them he got up and says:

"Dad, do you want more n's bar'l o' fun in less than three minits?"

Whet d'yo mean? says I.

"Whet d'yo mean? says I.

"But mebbe the b'ar won't run."

"Is a sartin' to. Them sort o' b'ars hain't no sand. He'll do some of the all-firedest runnin, you ever saw in old Wayne county."

"And so you set the dog on?" I asked, as he nused to kick at the ever under the wagon.

"Yes. That is, that infernal dough-head of a Jim did! He didn't give me time to think it over. The man and the b'ar had got past us when Jim lifted the dog over the fence and told him to go in. It jest makes me seasick to think of it.

"The dog went in?"

"Of course. That dog would hev tackled a Bengal tinger nineteen feet high if we had told him to. He got sight of that b'ar ambilinations, and he laid out to surprise him. I got up on the lence just as he overtook the b'ar and rolled him plumb over and over about six times. When he did that Jim hollered so that you could hear him a mile, and I was so tlekled I caulin't him."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Wall, I wish I hadn't started in to tell you about it, for it makes me dizzy. The b'ar finality guit rollin', and about that time I got over bein'tickled. Towser had a good gripon him, but that old b'ar riz up like a side hill, shook him off, and then grabbed him to wipe out the insuit. How long d'ye s'pose that dog lasted?"

"Three minuttors?"

"Three

IN BLOOMING GROVE PARK PROSPEROUS CLUB.

Pike County's Wonderland Has Attractions for Hunters and Angiers-Comforts that Could Mardly He Expected in Such a Wild Spot-An Exclusive Corporation. When future generations come upon the history of Pike county. Ps. they will conclude most certainly that this region was the wonderland of these days. They will learn from the chronicles of Mott, the well-known hisorism, that the wild animals of Pike county. and more especially the brown bears, were gifted with a most surprising intelligence, and never attempted any acts after the manner of the witless beasts of other wild sections of country. They will also learn that the hunters who followed these wonderful animals possessed courage the like of which no other nimrods ever laid claim to, wonderful patience and perseverance, almost super-human endurance, strength beyond that of Hercules or Samson, the swiftness of the eagle, skill that baffles description, and



wisdom enough to supply all the colleges and still have a surplus. They will discover that nothing ordinary or commonplace ever came out of Pike county, and that it was the scene of the most wonderful performances ever wit-nessed. The feats of the Knights of the Round Table will appear insignificant beside the exhibitions of heroism by Pike county's hunt-ers, and all the dragons and griffins in creation will appear to have been puny creatures in comparison with its shaggy bears, cunning foxes, and ferocious panthers. That the present generation is not altogether lost to the marvels of this wonderland is shown by the increase in the number of visitors to the county. Probably it was the wonderful stories told that induced a number of city folk to go into the heart of the county twenty years ago and buy some of the wildest and most picturesque land there. The success of that venture has proved that the county is able to produce marvels of many kinds. No other hunting grounds in the country can exhibit a similar result. Usually men who purchase wild lands for sporting purposes are well pleased if they can have their fun at a cost that is not extravagant. In the present instance the investment has actually been proved to be profitable. A little more than twenty years sgo eleven gentlemen, nearly all from this city, formed the Blooming Grove Park Asso-They were Fayette S. Giles, Genio C. Scott, Lafayette Westbrook, Dudley Field. Charles Hallock, Saunders D. Bruce, John



LAKE GILES FROM THE CLUB HOUSE PIAZZA. Magee, George M. Hagar, John Mangle, K. Ridgway, and John C. West brook. They purchased about 12,000 acres of forest lands, including mountains, lakes, and streams, and secured from the Pennsylvania Legislature the most remarkable charter ever granted to a similar corporation. The legislators seemed to take into consideration the perils which the city men were facing, for they granted to them powers which soon attracted others, and have to some degree at least helped to make the association the strong club that it is at present. It has now 210 members, nearly twenty-five square miles of land, a handsome club house, roads and drives, and many of the conveniences of civilization. The capital stock of the association is nominally \$225,000, divided into 500 shares of \$450 each. Some shares have been sold at less than par, but it is not likely that any more will be.

of \$450 each. Some shares have been sold at less than par, but it is not likely that any more will be.

To the man who is fond of hunting and fishing and of life in the woods, but who does not like to abandon home comforts, this club offers great advantages. It appeals more especially to the New Yorker because it is within easy reaching distance. By the train that leaves the Frie Railway station in Jersey City at 9 A. M. he can arrive at the club house at 1 P. M., or in time for luncheon. The trip includes a stage ride of eight miles through a picturesque country, which insures a good appetite to the most languid stomach. The club house was built by a New York architect, who not only made it beautiful, but arranged its interior to insure the greatest amount of comfort possible. Forty-six of the fifty sleeping rooms are extra large, the dining room is commodious, with a beautiful view of the surrounding woods, and the piazzas are wide and extensive. The house stands on a knoil 200 feet higher than the surrounding country, which is 1,700 feet above tidewater, and the front windows permit a magnificent view of Lake Giles, which is only a lew hundred feet away, and is fed entirely by springs from the bottom. As far as the eye can reach woods, lakes, and brooks are spread out. On cloudy days when the mists blot the hills and mountains from view the big reading room, with enormous logs blazing on the old-fashioned hearth, is a comfortable retreat. When the men return from the hunt heated, begrimed, and tired,



hot and cold water baths refresh and invigorate them. A steam nump forces 10:000 gallons of water into a tank in the club house daily. The drainage system is the best that experts could devise, and the refuse finds its way to a cesspool far away in the woods and filters gradually through the soil. A large ne-house, filled with the clearest and purest of ice, provides an abundant supply at all times, and the champage need never be warm. An excellent chof overlooks the culinary department, and the daily bill of fare would compare favorably with that of any club in town. At the same time the cost to members is really very light, board and room for one being only \$200 a day, or \$14 per week. The delights of the club are not limited to the members, but are open to their families also. A man's wife, unmarried daughters, and sons under 21 years of age have the same privileges that he has. If a member profers the privacy of his own cottage to living at the club house, he can apply to the Governing Board to secure the right to erect such a house as he prefers. The rest for an acre of ground is nominal and he is required only to build within litty feet of the main road and at least 150 feet from the plazza lips of the club house. To prevent the erection of any house that would mar the appearance of the park, the member intending to build is required to submit plans to the Executive Committee. He cannot put up any fences, either, but he has certain advantages, novertheless, which are worth considering. The member living at the club house can introduce

only one guest at a time for each share of stock held by him, and cannot keep any one guest for more than ten days in a season, unless he obtains apecial permission from the Executive Committee. No such restrictions apply to the member who lives in his own cottage. Three oprivate cottages are in the park and more are to be built next season. The cottages are handsome in design and in harmony with the surrounding country.

Of course the most important consideration is the opportuaity for huming and ishies, and in that respect the park upholds the excellent reputation of the county. The fisherman can have his choice between take and stream flahing, between the big and small trout; or, if he wants a change, he can play with as wild and nimble black bass as ever builted a sportsman. There are more than twenty miles of trout streams. They have been stocked each year. No creel ever comes home empty, not because the trout are not so clusive as in other streams outside the park, but because they are more plentful. The skilful fisherman will ill his basket, and the amateur, unless in very hard luck, will get at least enough to repay his exertions. A man can get up at sunrise and have a pretty mess of fish before breakfast, Lake Giles, only a few minutes walk, is well stocked with trout weighing from one pound to two pounds and a lail, and they rise readily to the fly, especially in the spring.

In the other lakes bass, salmon trout, carp, and large-mouthed bass are nientiful. Last full the big trout hatcher; was stripped of 500,000 eggs. The young fish are placed in yonds, where they will remain until they are a year old, when they will be let out into the streams and allowed to fight for existence. The hunter can have just as much sport and excitement as the fisherman. In the swamps the famous bears perform their antica, and welcome all comers. Under Mott's tuition the members of the club have became expert the famous bears perform their antica, and their kin in other parts of the country. As many as 200 deer have beee



the protection of game and fish. While, therefore, the seasons in the park during which hunting and fishing are allowed are somewhat longer than outside, the restrictions on slaughter make the actual killing less than would be supposed. The black bass season is short, being only from May 30 to Nov. 15, and all under eight inches must be put back. Trout may be taken from April 1 to Sept. 30, but no member is allowed more than five big ones from Lake Giles in a day. Stalking deer is permitted between Aug. 1 and Jan 1, but hounding begins a month later and ends a month earlier. Only bucks may be killed. The club owns some five hounds and has handsome kennels. Half a dozen guides are hired by the club, and members who desire them can secure their services at low rates.

The club has its own constables, who have full power to arrest any trespassers. The more presence of an outsider with rod or gun in the park is sufficient for the constables to proclaim him a poacher, and the club's charter gives it the right to impose such penalties as it may deem proper. The Justices of the Pence are required to impose the penalties in addition to those which the State law declares. Except the offenders have been persistent in their violations of the club's laws the club has always been lentent. Non-members have been licensed frequently to hunt and fish in the park under certain restrictions.

In the early years of the club considerable timber was cut, most of which went for ties on the Eric Railroad. At that time the club's finances were not flourishing, and the directors feared a collapse unless they secured money from the property. About 1878 there was a reorganization, and all timber cutting was storped. Since then improvements have been made every year, until pow the property was a reorganization, and all timber cutting was stopped. Since then improvements have been made every year, until now the property is worth at least five or six times what it cost originally. The membership dues, which are \$75 annually, pay all the running expenses and the interest on the \$40,000 worth of mortgage bends, which form the total floating indebtedness. The bolids are held by the members. The policy of the club is to make everything as cheap as possible to the members. Other clubs of a similar hature scharge higher prices for similar services, and there is none prices for similar services, and there is none that attempts to provide all the comforts to be obtained in Blooming Grove Park.



Many of the provisions used at the club table are raised on its farm of 100 acres, located on the edge of the park, but enough more are required to make the Jarmers in the surrounding country happy. Only members can own stock in the club but where a purchaser is not objectionable he is admitted to membership in past years, but all have not been admitted. Only two or three candidates have been blackballed, but many have withdrawn rather than suffer that humiliation. The club is groverned by twelve directors nominally, but really by an Executive Committee of three chosen by the directors.

The present officers are: Andrew J. Post, President; Robert B. Lawrence, Vice-President; William P. Boome, Treasurer: Charles A. Billings, Secretary; Andrew J. Post, Nathaniel S. Smith, and Pandel D. Youmans, Executive Committee. Among the members are Edward Bradley. D. A. Keyes, W. A. Green, Nimon M. Nush, Morris J. Azch, Eugene G. Blackford, Washington E. Connor, Robert Dunlar, David L. Haight, J. I. Lawrence, Charles R. Miller, Homer Nelson, William G. Peckham, Cassius H. Read, and Simon Storne, About three-quartors of the members are New Yorkors. The club house is open from April 1 to Jan. I. but members can secure accommodation there at almost any time.

Just outside the nark lives John Hobday, who is known by all the sporting men who have ever visited the vicinity. His house is open to all comers at all times, and his hospitality is as generous as his home is inviting. Visitors frequently stop at his place and find it so comfertable that they do not care to go any further. Communication between the park and the outside world is secured by telephone canection with Glen Eyre, the station on the Honesdale branch of the Erie Railrond, at which all visitors to the park stop. A telegraph is ation and a Post Office are there also.

PASTOR KNAPP BESIGNS.

He is Tired of Meeting a Belleit Every Few The Rev. Samuel J. Knapp has tendered his resignation as paster of the Noble Street Bap-tist Church in Greenpoint. In his letter of resignation Mr. Knapp says: "After careful and conscientious efforts within the pale of Gospel work and Gospel preaching, I find it impossible for my ministry among you to bring the necessary financial returns to meet bring the necessary financial returns to meet our current expenses, and being unwilling to labor where a defact meets me every few menths; therefore, rather than burden you. I hereby tender my resignation of the pastorate of the church, to take effect April 1. 1822.

"I will cheeringly wield the pulpit to any one whom you may desire to hear as a candidate, and claim for myself the privilege of being absent at any time for the same purpose. Trusting that you will at once appoint a pulpit committee, and he speedily successful in linding one to go in and out before you. I am yours in the bonds of the Gospel."

Mr. Knapp went to the Noble Street Church two years ago. He drew large congressions at first, test his said that he took no pulse to become acquainted with his partishioners, and that they resented his unsociability by seasing to attend the services.

HANGED AN INNOCENT MAN. THE AWFUL WORK OF A MASKED

COURT IN TOWA. Murdicer Miles, on His Beath Red in Texas, Confuses the Crime for Which Anderson Was Lynched Years Age. From the Chicago Herald.

sum of money. This began a series of trageiles as strange as were ever recorded. McCallister lived near Blakesburg with his wife and his father and mother. He returned nome from Albia directly. The next ovening he was called to the door by a knock. He stepped out and was never seen alive by his relatives afterward. The next morning his headless body was found about twenty feet from the door of the house, and the head itself The skull had been crushed by a blow from some blunt instrument, and the head was severed from the trunk by an axe.

Blakesburg at that time was not the most

enlightened community known, and the residents had some very pronounced ideas concerning the proprieties. But, with all their moral idiosynerasies, the tragedy of the Me-Callister farm aroused such excitement as had never been folt there, even during the most stirring revival times. Young McCallister was a general favorite, and to avenge his death was generally accepted as the true duty of Blakesburg. During the early morning nours after the discovery of the body the scene attracted nearly every able-bodied man in the community. The only things which seemed to offer a probable ciue to the murderer's identity ware, preserved in the slightly frozen soil, clear and distinct, the footprints, made the evening prior by the murlerer as he walked from the lane to the house and around the body. These were numerous enough, and singular enough-the murderer having worn a peculiarly formed boot—to at-tract attention, and some Hawkshaw made a plaster east of one of the tracks. It was afterward used in evidence in one of the most noted murder trials in the annals of Iowa.

Among the earliest arrivals at the McCallister farm on the morning in question was Blessant Anderson. He was one of the numerous tribe of Andersons who had lived long shough in that section to gain a decidedly unenviable reputation. But Pleas was a huge brute, built and muscled like a giant, with a bad disposition, a general contempt for other men, and a disagreeable habit of visiting condign punishment on those who incurred his displeasure. It was this that subsequently got Anderson into deep trouble.

Anderson, who was a United States deputy

got Anderson into deep trouble.

Anderson, who was a United States deputy marshal and a Cedar Rapids detective, took charge of the case at once, and, under his general directions, the search for the murderer was commenced. Rewards to a considerable amount were offered, and many guesses were made, but no murderers were found. Two young men were arrested and confined in the schoolhouse. They easily established their inuocence and were released, not, however, until Fleas Anderson had pleasantly suggested that they be taken out and hanged a little while in order to accelerate a confession.

After these young fellows had gained their liberty the matter apparently slumbered, for but little was heard of it, and affairs at Blakesburg dropped back into their old way of going, and Chris McCallister was no longer talked about except now and then as the local Videoug got together and wondered why their efforts had never been crowned with success. Meantime Pleas Anderson added to his unpopularity in various ways, and the Monroe County Bank of Albia passed to the realm of the has been. At no time had the search for McCallister's murdorer died out ontirely.

One day'in June, 1883, a warrant was sworn out before Justice Orr in Ottumwa charging Pleas and William Anderson with the murder of McCallister. They were arrested and brought to trial. So deep was the interest folt that the hearing of the case was had in the main court room at the county Court House in order that the throng of curious people might be accommodated. Fifteen days were consumed in the preliminary hearing. A chain of circumstantial evidence that would ordinarily servo to hang a man was constructed around Pleasant Anderson. His boot fitted the tracks made by the murderer; the plaster east and the boot were identical; a shoemasker who made the boots identified them positively; Chris McCallister's skull was brought into court and the deep depression in it was exactly litted by the end of a billy carried by Anderson; and finally Bill Anderson turned State's evide derson's bad character, was the unqualified statement of the defendant that he did not kill the man, backed by the testimony of his wife and child to the effect that the husband and father was at home at the time the crime was committed, and considerable testimony to show Bill Anderson's keneral untrustworthy

show Bill Anderson's reneral untrustworthy character.

Bill Anderson's reneral untrustworthy character.

Bill Anderson's reneral untrustworthy character.

Bill Anderson's reneral training the property of the short of the short of the said and the property of the short of the said and the old sam Phinney's house, and, on calling the old man to the door less that have no short of man the door less that have not any and subsequent discretion. All this was denied by Pleas, but he was held to court without bail to await trial on the charge of murder.

During the next ext months Anderson was frequently visited in jail by the writer, to whom he invariably protested his innocence, although on several occasions testify admitting he knew more about he case than he carried to the said of the said o

Orrowa, Ia., Dec. 27.- One fine day in the fall of 1881 Christian McCallister drove into Albia and drew from the Monroe County Bank a

behind were twelve others, and still were enveloped occupied seats in front, All were enveloped from head to foot in bed quilts. They condition to try Pleasant Anderson for a life on charge of killing Chris McCallister!

With formality, hideous in its mocking of judicial forms, the prisoner was arraigned and charged with the crime of murder is the first degree. He was asked to plead, and pleaded not guilty. Then he was removed by his captors to the rear of the room, winster he spent the last moments of his life in matching pennies with some boys you had been attracted to the schoolhouse by curlosity. In the mean time the farciant trial was being proceeded with solemnly, but with one intent. Evidence was submitted, arguments were heard, and with a gravity wolfing hedvilish the judge charged the jury. This body pretended to retire, but speedily returned with a verdict of guilty as tharged. This, too, was couched in coldly, formal legal verbiage, and on being read by the clerk the judge proceeded to ask the jury the storeotyped query concerning the lairness and unanimity of the vordict, and the jury answered "each one for himself and not one for the other" that Fleasant Andorson was guilty of murder in the first degree, the crime alloged being the filling of Christian McCallister.

Then the judge commanded the masked "bailiffs" to "bring the prisoner into court," In a voice coldly dispassionate and with words as few as they were cruel the judge informed Anderson of the result of the trial, and then sentenced him to be hanged immediately.

In a twinkling the court was trun, formed and motor of the creating the prisoner, which words as few as they were cruel the judge informed Anderson, erect and unfilneding mard, od barefooted behind his pithless captures about his n, eck, and Anderson, erect and unfilneding mard, od barefooted behind his pithless captures to the will be prisoner to the court supper was allowed to make one request, which was roope was thrown: a pull of the determined meb, and another mysterious mur

watched the twilight shadows deepen into the night, the stars come out, and the night grow cold with the rising of the moon, and wondered why the husband and father did not come to supper.

When the Wapello county Grand Jury met the next month, January, 1885, it ignored the case. Those men who composed that body will always remember what Judge Burton said to them in his scathing rebuke to the body for its neglect of duty. But the hanging of Heasant Anderson was never investigated. Masnwhile, in his convicts cell, Dan Miller's health was failing. "Confinement," said his friend. Great efforts to secure his pardon were made, but failed. His "good time" secured him a reduction of sentance. Then he was tried on more counts, but his health was broken and he seemed about to die, so his prosecutors releated and he was left to die a free man. Few people now thought of the death of Chris McCallister or that of Pleasant Anderson. But Dan Miller thought of it always. He alone knew that Chris McCallister, had drawn a large sum of money on that October day in 18th from the Monroe County Bank; he knew how much the sum was: he knew that its withdrawal would cripple the bank: that if he could recover it he might save the bank, or at least his reputation. He knew that murder would be necessary, but he had already steeped his soul in crime. If he did not get that money back he would be ruined. To get it back would cost one life, maybe two, but his reputation would be saved.

So he killed Chris McCallister.

Then, when he failed to get the money, his bank went under, his forgeries wese foundout, and he stood before the word a faion. When on that September morning in 1881 from the fatherly words of the Judge who sentenced him his conscience nettled him and he resolved to confess his further crime. The stupidity of an officious deputy sheriff prevented this, and an innocent man was hanged—by a mob, it is true, but nevertheless hanged—for Jan Miller's deed.

No wonder his health broke in confinement. With the ghosts of two murdered m

Mr. Gronan, said Mr. Adams, had brought letters from the German Government which procured many privileges for him, and had studied the question of the landfall in the light of the original journal of Columbus, and of his own comparison of the islands with the descriptions of that journal and of other original authorities. His conclusion was that the first landing was on Watting's Island, and ator near Graham's Harbor on the west side of the island. His reasons, President Adams said, might be summarized as follows:

"No other island corresponds so well with the original descriptions in point of position. form, and description. There is no harbor on the east side, but a good one on the west side. On the 11th of October Columbus says they had the roughest sea they had encountered during the whole voyage. He also says that between sundown of that day and 2 o'clock in the following morning they sailed at the rate of twelve miles an hour, making ninety miles. The wind must have been in the east. When, at 2 o'clock in the morning,

the following morning they salied at the rate of twelve miles an hour, making ninety miles. The wind must have been in the east. When, at 2 o'clock in the morning, they first saw land six or seven miles distant, they were salling at the rate of twelve miles an hour. They shortened sail, but Oronan thinks they must have gone at half speed, and so made fifteen or twenty miles before daylight. This would have carried them at least ten miles west of the fisiand by dayloysak. Turning about they thus approached the island from the west and landed at a natural and easy shore at Graham's herbor. Cronan visited the several points mentioned by Columbus, and found it easy to reconcile the situation with all the statements made by Columbus and Las Casas."

Of still more importance, perhaps, President Adams said, were the investigations of Cronan in regard to the present location of the remains of Columbus. He spent a full month in San Domingo investigating the subject, and are result was convinced that the Spanish atthorations were transferred to Havana in 1765. The Jan. 1. 1891. Cronan in the presence of the Archbishop, the Minister of the Interior, and the Coman's at the several divortines were transferred to Havana in 1765. The Minister of the Interior, and the Coman's of the several divortines to the same between the cases, believed by the local authorities to containing them had been discovered and opposed in 1877. Mr. 1891. Cronan photographed all the inscriptions with great care. They were found to differ very considerably from the representations particularly from the representations proviously published, and in the opinion of Mr. Cronan photographed all the inscriptions with great care. They were found to differ very considerably from the representations proviously published, and in the opinion of Mr. Cronan photographed all the inscriptions with great care. They were found to differ very considerably from the representation of the south of the court of the court

WITHIN THE ROPED ARENA

THAT DIXONAVAN HEEST ARRANGE. MENT HAS A QUEER LOOK, INDEED.

The Two Lade are Sald to be Controlled by the Same Man-1s Dixon Out of the Feather-weight Cities !- Pitzatmmons, Care roll, and La Blancke Sald to be " Broke" -Big Matches Aiready on the Card, A dozen or more matches that should furnish emtertainment for the spectators are in course of fulfilment. New Orleans has the cream of the talent engaged. McCarthy and Cal-

laghan, feather weights; Tom Ryan and Danny

Needham, welter weights—they fight at 144 pounds; Tominy Warren and George Siddons,

120-pounders, and George Dixon and Johnny

Van Heest, who light at 118 pounds, are on the

cards of the Olympic and Metropolitan ciubs of that city. In San Francisco Charley Turner

of Stockton and the Black Pearl, colored middle weights; Remmie and McCann, weiter weights: Billy Callagher and Billy Mahan. light weights, and Billy Smith, the Australian middle weight, and Billy Koogh have been paired. At our own doors there is the ten-round bout between Bill Plimmer, the 110-pound champion of England, and Kid Hogan, the examateur, who will spar next Tuesday evening at the Clermont Avenue Rink in Brooklyn. These are about the most promising events on tap, and each one should be closely contested. 'It may be seen later, however, that the Lixon-Van Heest match is not altogether to be relied on, for a satisfactory conclusion, in fact, myse never come off at all. The few persons on the inside" have always known that, ever since George Dixon made his match with Eugene Hornbacher, Dixon's real manager and tractical owner is Capt A. W. Cooke of Boston. Of course, Tom O'Bourke, who is advertised as the manager of the colored champion, and travels with Dison denies this but the "insiders" believe that the denial is made on business principles purely. Now, it came to pues on the day or two days after Tom Callaghan datested Billy Kenny, Capa Cooke sent a telegrate to Joe Early, Callaghan's manment a telegraph to Joe Early, Callaghan's man-agen offering to beek Johnny Van Heest against "the Irishman," and from that fact it would appear that Capk. Cooke has token Van Heest-on his staff, too. If this is the case, one man controls botth Dixon and Van Heest. The persons who have a bought these things over have begun to sust ect that the Dixon-Van Heest match was made in order to give Dixon an excuse for refusing: challenges from other men, for instance, the a laner of the McCarthy-Callaghan battle. Direct is a fine drawing card now, and will reavain so until he is beaten, for he always make es one of the eleverest of exhibitions. While there is such a harvest to be reaped, why should his manager take a chance at having the two ruined? Undoubtedly Dixon will have to fight again some day, but it is wise to put off risks as long as

as Diron poses as a 115-pounc | man. A deon that September morning in 1883 he stood before the bar in the court room and heard the fatherly words of the Judge who sentenced him his conscience netticed him and he resolved to confess his further crime. The sturbidity of an officious deputy sheriff prevented this, and an innocent man was hanged—by a mot, it is true, but nevertheless hanged—for Dan Miller's deed.

No wonder his health broke in confinement, with the ghosts of two murdered men forever pointing accusing fingers at his soul, with removes and vain regrees for his evil deeds forever which him, it is a wonder he stood it as long as he did, and when death finally came to rich him of his weary life he called to his bed side the wife of Chris McCallister and told her on the night of his death; last Tuesday.

COLUMBUSS REMIAINS IN SAN DOMINGO

Conclusion of the German Explorer, Resert Cronsa, After Carefal Investigation.

Washington, Jan. 2.—At the meeting of the American Historical Association here President Clumbus and the final resting place of his remains have been definitely determined by the investigations made by the German explorers, Euclope Columbus and the final resting place of his remains have been definitely determined by the investigations made by the German explorers, Euclope Columbus and the final resting place of his remains have been definitely determined by the investigations made by the German explorers, Euclope Columbus and the final resting place of his remains have been definitely determined by the investigations made by the German explorers, Euclope Cronan, in the Bahamas and West Indies about a year ago. President Adams' paper reviewed the work of Mr. Cronan, and gave the first information of the results of the graph for man and a good word to say for Dunn's etyle size from the German Government which is the first information of the results of the graph for his colored man would make a hard carried applicate for his period of his leading and the first information of the results of the graph for hard a gove the first info feat even at that weight will damage the feather-weight champion's presti, ve consider-

It is also remarkable that Dixon and Van

Heest should be metched at 118 pounds.

certainty is in hand.

earned applicates for his generalship. He ducked all the right-hand smashes that the Cocles's friends relied upon for him to finish his man, and took two rounds to size up his opponent. Having done that, and planted one palarful right-hander in the "Cooler's" stomest, which by ough the aclored man down to his height. Duan did the rest of it in two blows, both aimed correctly and at the proper range. It was a clever bit of work, and the middle weight who can do beater has got to had from the champloy-ship ranks.

There is a good deal of unplessant feeling in San Francisco because of the remarks that Bob Fitzsimmons has been saying that Trisco and the people in it are of no earthly good and that he will never go back there again. The Callfornians remember how Fits landed in their town without cash and with little reputation, and how they put him in the way of making his present name by giving him in first match. It is said that Fitz and Jimmy Carroll, are both "broke," and this state of affairs is enough to make a fellow disgruited. The middle-weight champion may be without funds, but he will not fight unives he sees an enormous purse in sight. Perhaps he can get all he wants in that direction, but if somebody does not hurry up and fight him, what will Hob and Jimmy do? Another chap who is stranded is La Blanche, the Marine, and he is in 'Frisco, where they do not love him a great clea. His "lay down" to Aleck Greggains did not benefit him, it seems.

Austin Gibbons says that Andy Bowen 1s the hardest hitter, with two hands, that he , were stooped before, not excepting Jack McAuli, Te. He told the writer, on his arrival home from New Orleans that, after he had a practical test of what the "sawed-off" mulatto could do with left and right, he felt that he was in to take some unusual punching. He got it, too, he says set the way through the battle, but he was considered to the make a match he work he had be an or the california A. C. have authorized their directors to organize a tournament among the heavy weights to

Licks S,090 Stumps an Hour.

Itche 3,090 Stamps an Hour.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The title of "stamp-licker" is not the most attractive in the world to bestew upon a young lady, especially when she is little, protty, and charming. But Miss Ada M. Crawford of 2.112 Wharton street is nevertheless a stamp-licker and, what is more, is the world's champen in her chosen vocation. Miss Crawford, who has just passed her eighteenth birthdey, is now forewoman for the E. C. Howe Company, publishers of directories, at Eighth and Louis torewoman for the E. C. Howe Company, publishers of directories, at Eighth and Louis streets. Three years ago she entered the choice and the house and at once attracted attention by the lightning rapidity with which she addressed, scaled, and stamped envelopes, she did 1.500 An hour. She can now do 100 an hour and has kept this up steadily for daystrange to say, she has persistently deduced to use a sponge, and every one of the miliose of stamps which have carried letters and directories to their destinations all over the centry has received a dainty lick from her tongue.

Miss Crawford talkod entertainingly otherself and her work yesterday. "Do I has to work?" she repeated in reply to a question "Indeed I do. In fact, I wouthed do anything else. I suppose it seems very famy that shouth prefer to use my tongue instead in Indeed I do. In fact, I wouldn't denothed else. I suppose it seems very formy the should prefer to use my tongue instead spongue, but I can got along so much led I can only do 2,000 nn hour with a stead of I can easily do 3,000 without it. So doesn't seem to affect my health in the least I'll tell you a furniy thing about it. I'd ness becomes slack and I don't have stamps to stick I lose my appetite and scarcely eat anything. But as seen as a down to work again my appetite returns a become ravenously bungry. There seems be comothing in the gam that acts as a to be omething in the gam that acts as a to got said that she could stick 3,000 stamps four and seen 122.000 envelopes a day.